1490 - p. 37

THE NEW

BRIGHTHELMSTONE

DIRECTORY, &c.

Brighton ... [App.]
K

THE NEW

Brighthelmſtone Directory:

OR,

SKETCHES in MINIATURE

OF THE

BRITISH SHORE.

Quem mortis timuit gradum
Qui ſiccis oculis monſtra natantia,
Qui vidit mare turgidum, —— HOR.

Nunc me fluctus habet, verſantque in litore venti. VIRG.

LONDON,
Printed for T. DURHAM, in Cockſpur-ſtreet, near Charing-croſs. MDCCLXX.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
60
MAR

TO THE

EARL of TYRCONNEL,

Lord Viſcount MOUNTMORRES,

AND THE

GENTLEMEN laſt Seaſon of their Society, at the Caſtle at Brighthelmſtone, previous to the Author's Admiſſion there.

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

A Graceful deportment, an elegant and engaging delivery, a genteel bow, or an inſinuating addreſs, are leſs the indications of a gentleman, than a certain freedom

of behaviour that puts every body at eaſe about him, and a kind attention to the inclinations of other people, without ſeeming to put any conſtraint upon his own. In ſhort, in a company truly well-bred, every one is left to act as his inclinations may lead him, provided he ſay or do nothing to offend or conſtrain other people. It was your ſtrict obſervance of thoſe rules of polite conduct that afforded me the opportunities of writing the following rhimes. Your permitting me to retire to my own apartment, in the evenings of thoſe chearful days we paſſed toge-

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 60 MAR

ther at Brighthelmſtone, enabled me to riſe in the mornings betimes, and employ my pen for the amuſement of a diſtant friend. That friend has been pleaſed to ſay, he was amuſed with my morning labours. Encouraged therefore by his commendations, I have ventured to preſent them to you, and I beg you will take them under your protection. I have ordered my Bookſeller to lay the proper copies of them before you; and if, on peruſal, they ſhould give you as much ſatisfaction and entertainment, as I have formerly received in your company and con-

 verſation,

verſation, I ſhall think myſelf fortunate in having been able to make ſome return, for the favour you ſhewed me in admitting me into your ſociety. I am,

With unfeigned reſpect and eſteem,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your much obliged and

humble Servant,

Jan. 1, 1770.

The AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE Reader will eaſily perceive, the following Letters were not originally written for the entertainment of the Publick; but the friend, to whom they were addreſſed, having flattered me with the proſpect of putting a little money into my Bookſeller's pocket, if I conſented to their Publication, I did agree to it, provided it were not expected of me to reviſe and correct my verſification; for, in my own opinion, I had already beſtowed more time on it, than the trifling ſubjects I wrote on actually deſerved.

As

As I would rather be thought *careleſs* than *ignorant*, I candidly declare that one fourth of the lines in theſe ſheets do not pleaſe myſelf, far leſs can I expect them to be altogether agreeable to the reader. I only deſire he will peruſe my compoſition with the ſame indulgence, as he would view the ſketches of a Rubens, or a Rembrandt.—I have already acknowledged I did not think my ſubjects worth the finiſhing; yet had I been poſſeſſed of the patient induſtry of a Teniers, an Oſtade, or a Gerrard Douwe, I might, perhaps, have finiſhed them with the moſt laboured accuracy. The reader would have admired my *Art*, but he would have wiſhed, for the honour of my *Taſte*, I had made choice of a nobler ſubject. In ſaying this, I mean no criticiſm on the taſte of the author of the *New Bath Guide*, after the model

model of which the *New Brighthelmſtone Directory* is avowedly framed. What would have coſt me much pains and tedious labour, *he* has executed with eaſe and expedition; having therefore waſted no time in the *finiſhing* of his painting, he would only have expoſed his want of taſte, if he had beſtowed more pains on it's *Decorations*.

The only reputation I expect to acquire by this publication, is, that of a faithful hiſtorian; and yet I am afraid it will be loſt in a few years. Some of the facts I relate will, perhaps, appear, to our virtuous grand-daughters, ſo void of probability, that my whole correſpondence runs a riſk of being deemed fictitious.—They will not, among other things, be able to conceive, that any of the circumſtances of the promiſcuous bath-

bathing of the gentlemen and ladies were true; or elſe, (I have this chance of ſupport to my veracity) they will imagine, that the mere *narration* of thoſe circumſtances has been ſufficient to baniſh the cuſtom from a Chriſtian country.

THE

THE NEW

Brighthelmſtone Directory.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

From London, July 22, 1769.

I'M told, my dear friend, you continue to lave,
For the ſake of your health, in the *Brighthelm-*
ſtone wave;
Any int'reſt had I with thoſe half-fiſhy legions,
Who ramble below in ſubaquean regions,
I'd not fail to indite a poetical treatiſe,
To *Neptune* addreſs'd, and his wife, madam *Thetis*;
Who, deep twenty-fathom the ſubmarine gulph in,
Keep the ſign of—(as poets have told us) the
Dolphin;

And who furniſh their cuſtomers, as they can
bear it,
With ſea-water bumpers, inſtead of good claret;
I'd call upon them, as juſt now I was ſaying,
That for *you* a large ſtock of good health they
would lay in;
By ſending their Nymphs, and their Nereids ſo
green,
(Cookwenches and chambermaids of the ſaid
inn,)
With Triton their oſtler, who, old *Homer* ſays,
Blows his horn too as poſtboy, and drives the
poſt-chaiſe.
I'd get them to cull all the ſimples that grow
In the valleys and coral plantations below;
To impregnate the waters, above we refer to,
With quantity double of ſanative virtue;
That my friend I might meet when return'd, as I
wiſh,
As bonny and plump, as a briſk healthy fiſh;—

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 60 MAR

But int'reſt, alas! in theſe realms, having none,
I muſt hope that, without it, your job will be done.

Mean time, my dear friend, when you take your ſea lotion,
Without *draw'rs* ne'er venture to dip in the ocean;
For, as *Virgil*, and all the old poets affirm,
The Nereids like fury, will bite at a worm;
And, truly, deplorable would be your fate,
Should they ſnatch at, and then run away with your bait;
In ſuch a ſad plight, you'd look blank as December,
And your houſe be depriv'd of a very good member.
Give the ſame good advice to your friend, jolly *Mills*,
To guard himſelf well 'gainſt ſuch terrible ills;

(To the wife, ſaith the proverb, ſufficient's one word,)
For what is a ſoldier, depriv'd of his ſword?
How diſmally ſad would his hardſhip be reckon'd,
When, the *firſt* being loſt, he could ne'er get a *ſecond.*

In your abſence I join'd an agreeable band,
And rambled half over the ſouth of the land;
At Southampton, and Goſport, and Portſmouth I've been,
And have navy, caſtles, and Iſle of Wight ſeen;—
A fortnight ago I return'd in good caſe
To this great, noiſy, ſmoaky delectable place;
Whence with fervour that friendſhip ſuggeſts and ſecures,
I give it you under my hand, I am Your's.

B. S.

LET-

LETTER I.

Saturday, from Brighthelmſtone.

SINCE then, my ſly friend, you've provok'd me to write,
I'll take up the pen, and will ſcribble thro' ſpite;
I'll plague you with rhime, and will teaze you with letters,
To wiſh both my fingers and fiſts were in fetters.
Yet, now you're from home, and have nothing to do,
'Twill doubtleſs amuſe you to read ſomething *new*;
And new things, to write *you*, are not hard to light on,
As you ne'er was to dip in the water at *Brighton*.
So call'd they this town of *Brighthelmſtone* of old,
'Tis here fit to tell, elſe the critics might ſcold;
A well-written book,—('tis a rule they would quote,)
Should be underſtood without comment or note.

Digreſſions are granted ;—and thoſe, when there's need,
I'll uſe at diſcretion ;—and ſo, I proceed ;—
Proceed in my *Letter*, but not in my *Story* ;
For *that*, in due time, ſhall be laid down before ye.
I hate the *old* mode of beginning a tale,
By which facts that follow are render'd quite ſtale;
'Moſt all epick poets, in ſtories ſo rare,
Preſent you, in front, with a bill of their fare :—
Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primis ab oris,
So Virgil begins, and foretels what's before us ;
And Dan Pope, I find, — (for I never read Geeek,)—
With as little caution makes *Homer* to ſpeak ;
For pray note in *Iliad*, where *paſſions* prevail,
Thus learned tranſlator commences his tale :
" Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful ſpring
" Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly Goddeſs ! ſing."
In *Odyſſey* too, as begins the tranſlation,
Great *Ulyſſes' Deeds* are foreſtall'd in narration :

" The

" The man, for wiſdom's various arts renown'd,
" Long exerciſed in woes, O Muſe! reſound."
And yet the blind poet knew better than Mallet,
Each diſh he did cook us would pleaſe ev'ry palate;
Forgive me, dead author! for uſing your name;
'Twas to aid my poor rhime, not to leſſen your fame;
Tho' ſurely, no modern could take it amiſs,
To hear Homer's poems were better than his.—

To ſaid bill of fare I ſhould make no objection;
('Twould certainly ſave both my ſight and reflection;—)
Provided the author would tell me what's good,
And what he had dreſs'd as my *beſt* mental food;
For my diſh I could chooſe at the very firſt look,
Then ſkip o'er the *Trifles*, and ſhut up the book.

Perhaps now you wiſh,—(and 'twould give you no pain,)—
I'd ſkim off the cream from my poor ſhallow brain;

And diſhing it up in one good ſolid meſs,
Thus feaſt you at once, without fear of exceſs,
Or cloy to your ſtomach, by ſwallowing of traſh,
Prepar'd by the pen of a rhimer ſo raſh.
But my meaning, my friend, is to give you a treat,
And not a plain diſh, which thro' hunger you'd eat.
Now, as *Shergold*, my landlord, and his jemmy cook,
To deck out a table, with ſplendour to look,
Muſt fill ev'ry corner with oily-fri'd fiſhes,
With muſhrooms, and pickles, and trifles of diſhes,—
So I,—in my letters thus hobbling in verſe,
Becauſe I foreſee that true wit will be ſcarce,
And would fain make a ſhew at ſmall coſt of reflection,—
Shall oft write you trifles,—by way of connection,—
To fill up the ſpaces 'twixt humour and wit,
The two ſtanding diſhes of comical writ.

As

As when at Lord's dinner roaſt-mutton is
ſerv'd,
To ſide-board 'tis ſent, and there left to be
carv'd;
You may thank your kind ſtars, I have not aſide,
My ſmall diſh of wit to be wiſhfully ey'd:—
You might perhaps find, 'twas not eaſy to reach it;
So rather than trouble your perſon to fetch it,
Contented you'll dine on nonſenſical traſh,
That coſt me, in writing, as cheap as a—daſh.
Yet daſhes, my worthy good Sir, I muſt tell ye,
Help often to furniſh a hungry man's belly;
My friend *Triſtram Shandy* would cut a ſad figure,
If from his Opinions, with critical rigour,
We lopt off the daſhes, which lengthen his
chapters,
And ſerve to prolong his digreſſive odd raptures.
His book of thoſe daſhes we muſt not curtail;—
They fed the droll author, by helping its ſale;

His

His bookſellers too, have been bleſs'd with guts fuller,
Than if, from his judgment, he had written cooller,
Or leſs he had drawn of thoſe lines without ruler.

Allow me then daſhes;—allow me digreſſion;—
Forgive my bad metre; and want of expreſſion,—
I warrant I'll give you,—in proceſs of time,—
With *matters of fact*,—a full volume of *rhyme*.—
But now, I ſhall follow rhetorical laws,
And, as other great orators,—*here make a pauſe*.
For this proverb thoſe orators well underſtood:
"Too much of *one thing* is for nothing thought good."
So, true as my pen e'er to fingers and hand,
Your ſervant I am, Sir,—at ev'ry command.

LETTER II.

Sunday.

LOOK back, my dear friend, on the lines
that are paſt ;—
You'll ſee, with a proverb I ended my laſt ;
Tho' I have not th' abundance of Sancho's rich
ſtore,
I'll give you, for writing's ſake, one or two more :--
" A thing once begun is half ended," 'tis ſaid ;
" Once enter'd a fortreſs, it's conqueſt is made."
Thoſe proverbs from truth, tho', a little do roam ;---
Some places are loſt, ſir, for not puſhing home :—
My Dunkirk-friend *Frazer* *, I truſt to your
judgment,
Tho' enter'd the breaches, you muſt make a lodge-
ment ;
For the garriſon otherwiſe, giving a fling,
Might, jerk ! throw you out, like a ſtone from a
ſling.—

* One of the engineers employed in the demolition of that place.

It makes a plea ſtronger, *two* caſes in point ;
So here is one more, tho' my tale it disjoint :—
True lovers, as well as true ſoldiers, do know,
Enough it is not, a kind ſmile or a bow ;
For damſel and lover will very ſoon part,
If, enter'd the *eye*, he don't puſh to the *heart*.—
Now I leave it to any poor poet, for fun,
If his poem's half ended, whene'er it's begun ?
The queſtion pray aſk ;—he'll believe you are crazy
T' imagine his metre is written ſo eaſy.
It follows, then here, (and it ought to be noted,)---
My writing diſproves the firſt proverb I quoted ;
For I promis'd to write you ſome news of this town,
But I have not been able to put a word down ;
I therefore begin, with my bells and fool's cap on,
Leſt I—(as, you know, it ſo drolly did happen,
To queer Triſtram Shandy, who, from his ink-horn,
Produc'd us two volumes before he was born,)—

Left

Left I, ere I get to this ſea-dipping place,
In frenzy digreſſive, ſhould run you a race,
That to follow would tire both your eyes and your head,
'Till you wiſh'd from your heart, that all rhimers were dead.

As the *Baïæ* of old, ſo call'd by the Roman,
Brighthelmſtone is now;—and 'tis doubted by no man;—
As ſtreight as a line from your noſe to your mouth,
From London its ſite is near ſixty miles ſouth.
Once farther it was,—but the ſea has encroach'd
And forc'd it to back, as rude billows approach'd.
I've ſeen an old woman, who ſaid ſhe had ſeen
The little boys play, (as they do on the *Stene*,)
Round *Blockhouſe*,—a building that ſtood on the ſhore,
But now is waſh'd down, and will ne'er be ſeen more;—

I mean

I mean as a *houſe*,—for it's ruin's ſtill lie,
Antiquarians allow Sir, expos'd to the eye.—
The *Stene* aforeſaid is our great public walk,
Where the ladies aſſemble to giggle and talk;—
Quite vulgar, to walk!—for the people in France,
From whom all our modes, either ſit, or elſe dance;
So, ſhunning the field, like the French in their trenches,
They view the *men* walk, and they ſit on their benches.
To ſee the men walk, ſir, I own it is queer;—
Their faſhion it is, at gay places this year,
To lounge with their hands on their buttocks quite croſs'd,
As if from their breeches the buckles were loſt.
Inſtead of affront, by rude tread on your toes,
Into your eye, now, a man thruſts his cock'd noſe;
So, fore-running its lord, it unguarded gets blows.
When above I averr'd that the ladies in France,
Moſt quiet did ſit it or elſe they did dance,—

'Twas

'Twas only, dear ladies, my manner of talking:
I meant but to tell you their wriggle in walking.

Pretences they want not, for ſitting down ſquat:
" Did you e'er feel it, *Me'em*, ſo *monſtrouſly hat?*
" *Amazing*, this weather ſhould laſt us ſo long!
" I hope, nought above, or below is gone wrong;
" *Prodigious* the heat!—ſure no earthquake is near;
" Grant heaven! no *horrible* comet appear.
" *Abominable!* too,—no tree on this place,
" To guard, from the winds and the ſun, my poor face;
" With one and the other I've *ſuch* a complexion!"
Then quickly proceeding with equal connection:--
" I'm *ſo* tir'd with dancing laſt night at the ball,
" If I tript in my walk, I'ld *poſitively* fall;
" Juſt fainting, dear Madam;—Oh! quite overcome!—
" *Unhuman!* at *Brighton*, no rout or no drum!

" How

" How *charming* the view is!—*delightful*, the breeze!

" *Provoking!* this ſhade, now, is not of green " trees."

Of gay converſation, I think, there's enough;
I hate e'er to handle the ladies too rough;
Beſides, of the *Stene*, I foreſee, that hereafter,
Some matter I'll have more deſerving of laughter.—

I perceiv'd, as to church, Sir, this morning I went,
The town's built on a hill of an eaſy aſcent;
Yet not quite ſo eaſy, but, ere reach'd the top,
To breathe, your fat people muſt, now and then, ſtop.
This makes folk the temple ſo eagerly fill,—
(All claiming great merit in climbing this hill,)
And I, tho' my carcaſe is ſparing and thin,
With greateſt difficulty ſqueez'd myſelf in;

But, once *in*, I proteſt I'd loſe my beſt blood,
Than not ſee the people, at *Brighton*, ſo good,
So civil, ſo kind, and withal ſo polite!
When enters a perſon, attracting their ſight,
They pauſe in their pray'r,—they ſtop in their vow;
Then make a low courtſey, or ſtill lower bow.—
They think it is pleaſing, perhaps, to their God,
Whilſt praying, to deign a poor mortal a nod.
From this civil cuſtom, at leaſt, we deſcry,—
They're humble *'fore God*,—and their minds are not *high*.—

I go not to meetings, mad-houſes, or priſon,
To view fellow-creatures who've err'd in their reaſon;
It gives me no pleaſure,—affords no delight,
To treat my two eyes with a ſorrowful ſight.
But leſt you ſhould think me a vile renegado,
Who'd chang'd his religion, to ſhun baſtinado,—

As many falſe Cath'licks among the bold Turks,
In *what* name, indifferent, they practiſe good
works ;—
The *Kirk*, I acknowledge, in which I was bred,
No meeting I reckon ;—tho', were the pray'rs
read,
And fault'ring diſcourſe treated briefer and leſs,—
Much oft'ner I'd hear them, I fairly confeſs.
For, when, in the *Kirk*, is put up a wrong pray'r,
Expecting no nonſenſe, it makes a man ſtare ;
Whereas, in the *Church*, to each Chriſtian pe-
tition
There is a great choice,—and as great repetition.
I'd therefore propoſe, tho' no learned divine,
Between rhe two churches to draw a ſtreight
line :—
In *Sweden* you've read, or perhaps may have ſeen,
The clergy, from all parts, in ſynod convene ;
Where, ſermons preſented,--with their approbation,
The beſt are pickt out, for the good of the nation ;

Then,

Then, number'd for ev'ry church-day in the year,
The ſame, on it's day, in each church you may hear.
Now, why not our ſervice thus model I aſk?
For, ſure, to the clergy 'twould be no hard taſk.
Of ſtam'ring 'twould cure the ſlow tongue of *Kirk*-parſon;
(Three ſentences ſpeaking, he often but marrs one;)
'Twould fix the attention of each giddy mind,
Whoſe prayers, rehears'd, are like words to the wind;
For you'll ſee folk, in *Church*, of all ſexes and ages,
By rote prating prayers,—like parrots in cages;
'Tis natural, O *Burke!*—for things new and ſublime
Become ſtale and common, us'd oft in ſhort time.

To meetings, I hinted, I ſeldom e'er went,
Yet, this ev'ning I went with malicious intent.

Some ladies had made a ſnug party, to go
T' a methodiſt ſermon ;—their ſpirits were low ;—
They beg'd I'd make one to enliven the party,
As the more, ſir, the merrier, and the more hearty ;—
Conſenting to go,—for I had no excuſe,—
To the ladies, ſaid I, I can nothing refuſe.

Not to tire you with notes from the ſermon I heard,—
'Twas ſo paſſing good, that I very much fear'd
Our wicked and worldly intention was foil'd,
And all the fine ſport, we expected, was ſpoil'd ;—
When, all of a ſudden, the paſtor grew warm,
Firſt clinching his fiſt, he ſhook out a long arm :—
" Yes, where do you think your bad actions will tend !
" They'll bring you, I ſay, to a miſerable end ;
" You've all ſin'd and err'd—and the great judge
" will come ;
" I'll ſtand up before him, as ſure as a gun ;

" I'll

" I'll witneſs againſt you; I'll be your ac-
" cuſer,"—
At this a ſtout ſailor, who liken'd a bruiſer,
Whoſe honeſty lov'd to ſee truth above board,
Voice ſwelling indignant, thus put in his word:
" Right, maſter, ay! right!—greateſt rogue in
" a wreck,
" Crown evidence offers,—to ſave his own neck."

LETTER III.

Monday.

WITH ſea and ſea-bathing, dear ſir, in my head,
This morning I roſe, in good time, from my bed;
I ran to the creek at the end of the *Stene*,—
Perceiving machines with ſome people go in,)
I ran in ſuch hurry to be at the ſea, man,—
I was, ere I wot, among all the fine women.
Gad! how lucky! thought I, to time it ſo pat;
So, making a bow, as I took off my hat,
I aſk'd of a guide, who ſtood wet dripping there,—
While ſhe and the women all gave me a ſtare,—
To ſhew me a water-machine that was empty:
"What demon, quoth ſhe, brought you hither,
" to tempt ye?
" What bus'neſs expect ye?—What thing ſeek
" ye a'ter?—
" 'Tis here that the *ladies* refreſh in the water;

" This

" This place is devoted to their maiden pleaſure ;
" You cannot dip here, altho' great was your
" treaſure ;
" So take yourſelf off ;—for I have no more
" leiſure."

I thought myſelf happy ſhe did her ſpeech break off,—
The women provok'd might have twiſted my neck off,—
So, making the ladies another bow,—lo !
My tail 'twixt my legs, like a dog, I did go.

I trudg'd along ſhore to the weſt of the town,
Where men I perceived, in their ſlippers, walk down ;
Their footſteps I followed, when ſoon I deſcried
The carts, in which *gentlemen*, to the ſea, ride ;
But ſo ſnug ! and ſo cloſe ;—(admiring them much :)—
How many to Tyburn would gladly have ſuch ?

In theſe there are peep-holes, and ever have been,
Thro' which you may *ſee*, and can never *be ſeen*.
And that is the cauſe, as I afterwards heard,
From bathing the *men*, by the *women*, were ſcar'd :—
In plung'd the *firſt* headlong, ſtark naked as born ;
Smooth in wool dip'd the *laſt*, like ſheep when they're ſhorn.
It therefore did frighten ſome few modeſt men,
T' have women ſo near them in flannels ſo thin ;
And ſome lik'd as little, the ladies ſhould peep,
Whilſt *they* all their beauties ſo hidden did keep.

I aſk'd for a cart, and a good civil guide
Handed me into one, ſir, as you'ld do a bride ;—
Or like a bride-groom, who came there to be wedded
(As Venice great doge,) and to Thetis be bedded.--
Impreſs'd with late danger, and narrow eſcape
From barbarous dipping, or mercileſs rape,

I aſk'd

I aſk'd of the guide,—(as the minutes did paſs
That he ſtood at the door, t' await my undreſs,—)
What man firſt advis'd, ſir, and who was that raſh one
Bade ladies to dip it in clowniſh queer faſhion?
Who bade them to lave, ſir, in waves clear as cryſtal,
With all the prude airs of a nun or a veſtal?
For the men all in buff, but the women in ſacks,
Did bathe, once, together,—like hounds in full packs?—
" Alas! my good maſter, no great revolution
" E'er bred in a kingdom ſuch horrid confuſion,
" As has, in our town, this late curs'd innova-
" tion;—
" What good, ſir, at beſt can it bring to the na-
" tion?
" My three fellow-guides, there, and I,—to our
" coſt,—
" Experience what ſums, by this change, here are
" loſt;

" For

" For laths thin as you, and decrepit old-age,
" Are now all the birds that e'er hop to our cage;
" For *one* that dips now, there us'd, once, to dip
" ten,
" And moſt of them, too,—ſtout, ſtrong, able
" men.
" It did my heart good, tho' it made my teeth
" chatter,
" To ſee them flounce, tumble, and kick in the
" water;
" To ſwim 'fore the women they were all ſo
" willing,
" A pint they oft gave me along with my ſhilling.
" The old women, too, at the eaſt of the town,—
" (The guides you ſaw dripping, each in her
" rough gown,)—
" Have loudly complain'd that their ſalt-dipping
" trade,
" Since late innovation, is greatly decay'd.

" The

" The parſon, of whom we ſuſpected the leaſt,
" (But where there is miſchief, there's always a
" prieſt,)
" 'Twas he firſt propounded this curs'd innova-
" tion ;—
" He went to the doctor, on deep conſultation :—
" Quoth he,—my good doctor, I find that my
" health
" And ſtrength of my limbs are gone off, as by
" ſtealth ;
" When firſt I did dip, or did dive in the ſea,
" I ſtood briſk and hearty, and ſtiff as a tree ;
" I ſwam as a fiſh,—both on belly and back ;—
" Could ſtretch on the waves, like a thief on the
" rack ;—
" A pleaſure to ſee me !—I lik'd to be ſeen ;
" I car'd not if thouſands beheld me go in.
" Lamentable change !—in my gait I now ſtoop ;--
" Tho' often I dip it, my head, it will droop ;—

" I'm

" I'm not the ſame man whoſe deep-diving was
" prais'd ;
" At whoſe flouncing and plunging the women
" all gaz'd ;—
" The worſt of the matter,—the older I'm grown
" Their glee is the greater to have my feats ſhewn ;
" They want, in my ſtrokes, ſir, at old ſixty-
" three,
" The ſame feats of flouncing and plunging to
" ſee ;—
" With children by dozens,—all by the ſame
" woman,—
" In me they expect the great ſtrength of a Roman.
" Now, worthy good friend, I confeſs, to my
" ſhame,
" I dread to outlive,—(as ſome heroes,)—my
" fame ;
" Then give me advice,—you've the beſt in the
" nation,—
" 'Till death to preſerve, ſir, my great reputation".

" Th'

" Th' advice, quoth the doctor, is eaſy to give;
" I'll tell you, my friend, how your fame may
" ſtill live:—
" We'll counſel, (tho' ſome it ſhould grieve to the
" heart,—)
" The men and the women to dip it *apart*;
" Then laving, unſeen by the eyes of the fair,
" Tho' you dip as old gaffer, —no mortal will
" care.—
" But I, by this ſcheme, too, will certainly gain;
" Great virtues among the fair-ſex ſtill remain;
" And as modeſty's reckon'd not one of the leaſt,
" Some ladies of virtue will think it is beſt,
" To dip in the water apart by themſelves.
" Thus *Brighton* with women, like books upon
" ſhelves,
" Will fully be ſtock'd;—whilſt indecent *Scarſ-*
" *borough*
" And places ſo vile, will be left, to their ſorrow."

" So

" So planning the ſeparate baths that you've
" ſeen,
" They baniſh'd the men from the end of the *Stene*;
" But parſon and doctor are hugely miſtaken,
" For *Brighton* the *dippers* have greatly forſaken;
" Thence all the confuſion of which I complain,
" And greater confuſion I'll ne'er ſee again."—

Enough, my good friend;—you'll provoke me
to ſcold;
Enough of your talk,—for I'm ſhiv'ring with
cold.—

With that he retir'd, and return'd with a horſe
To drag my machine, to the ocean, per force.
He bade me ſit faſt, and then, ſhutting the door,
He tug'd me along as the billows did roar;
He tug'd me along with ſuch noiſe and ſuch clat-
ter,
Whilſt people all round me did prate in the water,

I could

I could not but think of the wonderful knocks,
Which Gulliver heard on his great wooden box,
When, dropt in the ſea by the eagles in fight,
He was hawl'd by a cable, and by a ſhip-wright,
So ſtun'd above head, that he could not gueſs
where
That hubbub would end, ſir, which made him to
ſtare.—

Now, having two ſimilies juſt at my hand,
My friend, I ſhall uſe them, and then make a
ſtand.—
Take me, in my cart,—for the *brain of a maid*,
Which, tottering in ſcull, by great nature was
laid;
Suppoſe all the prating and clatter without,—
The fine ſpeeches it heard, ſir, *at drum or at rout*;
Amaz'd, it will tremble to ſtumble, or trip,
And wiſh, from it's priſon, in *wiſdom* to dip.—

Take me, in my cart,—for *the brain in your head*;
The guide and his horſe,—*the poor rhymes you have read*:
They have lug'd it on ſlow, in a pace that did creep,
Into a ſea, frothy, and not very deep;
But truſt me, dear ſir, as your ſlave or dog-keeper,
I wiſh it to dip in ſome thing that is *deeper*.

LET-

LETTER IV.

Tueſday.

I THINK I have not,—(tho' perhaps they did tire,)
In journey digreſſive left friends in the mire;
I led to clean water, and there I did leave them;
Perhaps to be dipt there it would not much grieve them;
To old terra firma, where ſafer they'll tread,
Without more preamble 'tis now fit to lead.

My mind on a walk being fully intent,
To the *Stene*, after breakfaſt, this morning I went;
This *Stene*, or this green, I found cover'd with nets,
Round which ſate the ladies in parties, or ſets.
Oft having diſcover'd the wiles and the arts,
Made uſe of by women t' entrap people's hearts,

Quoth I to myſelf, who can tell but thoſe ſnares
By women are laid to catch men unawares?
My ſteps ſhall not touch them, nor will I go nigher;
Burnt child, ſaith the proverb, dreads ever the fire;
In words of another—I'll not ſave my bacon,
If, caught in thoſe nets, by the women I'm taken.
My life, it is not worth a pin or a peg,
When, by a fair maiden, I'm caught by the leg;
No gudgeon, or any ſmall fiſh in a brook,
Is more at her mercy, when faſt at the hook;
Nor pigeon more eaſily pluckt by a kite,
Or felon held faſt by a rope e'er ſo tight,
Than I, by the women, am pluckt, when I'm taken,
Or held in their bands,—for the devil can't break 'em.
So, ſhunning the nets, I went round to a ſtand,
Or high wooden ſtage, which the green did command;

Such,

Such, rev'rend dear ſir, as you've ſeen in the North,
From which, as from pulpit, the parſon holds forth,
When his kirk is ſo little, the good worthy people
All cough in the wind, round his thin wooden ſteeple.
But when, to this white-painted ſtand I drew near,
Notes warlike, loud-ſounding, were blown to mine ear;
Inſtead of the voice of proud parſon, pronouncing
Paul's ſermons to mortals, and hell-fire denouncing,—
Baſſoons, clarinets, with flute, hautboy, and horn,—
(Their like have not pleas'd me ſince e'er I was born,)
Play'd a march,—that did make me to ſtrut on the green,
With the air and the ſtep of theatrical queen.

I marvell'd to hear, from this muſical ſtand,
No ſcraping of cat-gut, to ſtrengthen the band;
So aſking a friend the good cauſe there was none,
And why the *wind-muſic* thus piped it alone,—
He told me, the ladies thought none but a brute
Prefer'd a dry bit of a gut to a flute;
Them, therefore, to pleaſe ev'ry pipe, from it's throat,
Emits it's ſoft muſic in rapturous note.
Thoſe hogs, replied I, grunting loud in the corn
Round the ſtand,—I ſuppoſe, are to aid the French-horn;
Thoſe pigs and thoſe children, all trotting before us,
Aſſiſt with their ſqueaking to fill up the chorus;
Thoſe greyhounds and petts, ſkipping round with blyth heart,
T' enliven our muſic, each barks out his part.

Let

Let the dice, which from yonder ſmall houſes
rough rattle,
For kettle-drums ſound in a march to a battle;
Whilſt that Switzer cur, with his viſage demure,
Attending his maſter in ſea-dipping cure,
Who, following his lordſhip, you never ſaw fail,
On the ladies' clean gowns, ſir, to wipe his fox-
tail,—
Shall beat with his paw,—nod his head at his
leiſure,
Of each novel tune to denote us the meaſure.—
Such a band, I defy, ſir, both *Abel* and *Bach*,
Of noiſy muſicians together to pack.

To the ſound of this muſick I march'd to a ſhop,
I ſaw ſtuff'd with volumes from bottom to top;
Where books of all languages, and of all ſizes,
Were ſet up in lots,—and deliver'd as prizes
To him, who could beſt ſhake his elbow at dice,
Not *him* who beſt read or expounded them nice.

It grieved me much to behold the grimace,
The hope and fear mingled in ev'ry one's face;
To ſee the poor mortals, it made me to ſtare,
Seek after more trouble, when burden'd with care;
For, ſure, in this world there's ſufficient to vex,
Without courting troubles, the more to perplex.
Yet the ladies, who e'er my philoſophy baffle,
Demanded my crown, and obliged me to raffle;
But ſtruck with amazement was ev'ry one's look,
When, throwing, I won the biographical book;
The book where the names of the great men of old,
Their lives, and their works, and their actions are told.
Since, if with big volumes he loads not his ſhelves,
An author is reckon'd but learned by halves,
It gave me great pleaſure to gain ſuch a prize;
For I like to be thought, ſir, as other folk, wiſe;
And it cuts a great figure, a book of that ſize.

My

My worthy good friend, yet I think it is meet
To tell you,—it's *hiſtory* is not complete ;—
My name is ſtill wanting ;—but, ere in my hearſe,
I hope to record it, by—writing bad verſe.

LETTER V.

Wedneſday.

ON ending my laſt,—and, ſir, tell it I muſt,—
My pen I threw down in a kind of diſguſt;
Indeed, my dear friend, it went deep to my heart
To think I had acted ſo badly my part.
What man, or what poet, could think on it gayly,
His name to tranſmit like a thief's at Old Bailey;
For, tho' little I've *ſtolen*, I very much fear
Recorded I'll be, ſir,—for *murdering* your—*ear*.
Yet will I proceed, for the truths I diſcloſe
Tell queerer in *rhime*, than they would do in *proſe*;
Proceed with the ſhop, which I left in laſt letter,
Or *library* call it,—'twill pleaſe the folk better.—
In noiſe of the muſick, the dice, and the dogs,
The ſqualling of children, and grunting of hogs,
You'ld ſmile to ſee people, all learn'd—in their looks,—
And wiſe but in viſage,—here reading their books.

But when you're before them, beware how you
ſpeak,
Unleſs you talk Hebrew, Arabick, or Greek;
For whilſt you diſcourſe, to each word that is
ſaid
Attentive they liſten, and *ſeem* but to read.

By way of appendage to this ſhop of books,
With loungers e'er fill'd as ſome trees are with
rooks,
Is a ſhop ſtock'd with china and little gay toys,
For fops, women, children, amuſement of boys.
Another annex'd there is, furniſh'd no leſs
With caps, ribbons, aprons, and all female
dreſs;—
The goods in theſe ſhops, of each faſhion and
price,
Are ſet up to ſale, by the rattling of dice;
The tradeſmen, to live,—(and their lot I bewail,)
Are forc'd on this gambling, odd method of ſale;

For,

For, muſlins, chints, cambricks, rare china, and tea,
By ſmugglers here ſold, are bought up with great glee;
Lords, ladies, and commons, all think it no ſin,
No more than the vagrant who buys ſmuggled gin,
Their country to cheat of its rents, that, by law,
To keep rebel ſubjects and neighbours in awe,
Are deſtin'd our fleets and our armies to feed;
And pay all the *placemen*, in red-book we read.
But, note here,—(I tell it the ladies with grief,)
The receiver, ye fair! is as bad as the thief.

As to proſper you wiſh navigation and trade,
Have nothing to do with aught, *foreign*, that's made;
Unleſs it has paid what is due to the king;
(What's due pay to Cæſar, the ſcripture doth ſing,)
In a *foreign* tight rope may you otherwiſe ſwing.

If

If Britain you love with the heart of a Roman,
Have nothing to do with the big-bellied woman;
That civil, good lady, more cambrick has laid,
Than Garrick ſtuff'd pillows, when Falſtaff he play'd,
On her ſeizable belly, conceal'd by her gown;
To pay her ſnug viſits t' each houſe in the town,
And ſmuggle her goods, and defraud Britain's crown.

But tho' trade of ſmuggling, ſir, proſpers ſo here,
'Tis fit of neglect the land-waiters to clear,
And officers greater;—for all, in their ranks,
Deſerve of the publick the gratefulleſt thanks:—
Tho' I tell it, perhaps you will think it romance,
When pacquets arrive, here, with people from France,
Our cuſtom-houſe gentry ranſack with ſuch care,
They often times ſtrip of their garments the fair,

To ſee if, from France, they have fooliſhly ventur'd
To bring aught about them, not lawfully enter'd;
The gentlemen, too, they diſarm of their ſwords,—
(I've ſeen it, ye Britons! ſo credit my words,)
And when a gay ſnuff-box their fancy does take,
They ſeize it at once,—no apologies make.—
They're tempted, 'tis ſure, by ſome demon or devil,
To handle the *ladies* ſo rudely uncivil;
But orders, perhaps, for thus treating the *men*,
Are wiſely preſcrib'd them by government's pen:—
" A weapon truſt not with a man that is mad;"
Rememb'ring that proverb, our rulers were glad
(So factious are Britons!—licentiouſly bad!)
To order each native to give up his gun,
Leſt, friend, by his poaching, the ſtate were undone.

And

And likely they've next forbid ſtrangers to land,
Unleſs they deliver their ſwords at command;
Should they then, in this air, be infected by riot,
Diſarm'd of their weapons, they're forc'd to live quiet.

To a man that is mad, we all know 'tis enough
To make him ſtill madder,—to give him a ſnuff;
'Tis therefore, no doubt, when a ſtranger does land,
With a box in his pocket, or elſe in his hand,
He's ſtript of it ſtrait, as was hinted above,—
Is with-held his rappee,—thro' mere friendſhip and love.
But, howe'er people reaſon in this little iſle,
Our neighbours the *Dutch* at our rudeneſs will ſmile;
That nation we laugh at for roughneſs of manners,
To whom trade is as needful as bark is to tanners,

(Think-

(Thinking profit and breeding may here well agree,)
Lets ſtrangers all land with their baggage quite free;
I wiſh us as poliſh'd;—be it alſo your hope;—
For the *Frenchmen*, too, roar:—*les ſauvages de l'Europe.*

LET-

LETTER VI.

Thurſday.

WE've read of *three* Graces attending on *Venus*,
But, here, have we *four*, who, t' attend *them*, convene us.
I ſaw them, this morn, as I walk'd on the Stene,
To the billiard-room trip it;—I follow'd them in;
I was curious to ſee if a little fair hand
Could handle the mace or the kew at command:
But when I beheld them, oh! how I did ſtare:—
They handled the ſticks with a grace! and an air!
And guided the balls with ſuch judgment and art!—
The white little things, ſir, ran quite to my heart.
Henceforward I'll vouch it, no man of us all
Like woman can play with a mace and a ball.

As here I ſtood pleas'd with a paſtime ſo rare,
And wondering, ſir, gaz'd at the game of the fair,

Some

Some ladies did make me an offer moſt hearty,
To go to the ſea, on a ſnug ſailing party.
The offer was friendly,—I took it as kind,—
But ſailing e'er fills my poor ſtomach with wind.
Now, thin guts, like mine, with rich ſoop ſhould be fed,
Not emptied at ſea, like a ſick man's in bed,
Or river-gods, ſpouting a muddy caſcade.
The ladies I told, then, if e'er they did chooſe,
In their frolicks, my ſlender aſſiſtance to uſe,
Employ they muſt give me on ſafe ſolid ground,
For, at ſea I was ſick, and my head it went round;
So, refuſing to go, I return'd them my thanks,
And beg'd on dry ground, ſir, to play my own pranks.
Beſides, as this day was the day of the ball,
I choſe to be there,—if I could be at all;—
When one is at ſea, tho' to land he's inclin'd,
His return is uncertain, you know, as the wind.

The

The balls in this land are ſo much of a kin,—
Save ſome are more crowded and ſome are more thin,—
Tho' on Monday we had one,—(perhaps I'm to blame,)
I never once thought, ſir, to mention it's name.
At theſe Brighton balls, as at all publick places,
When people are pleas'd you'll not know by their faces;
They hop down a dance, or ſit out a droll farce,
With the ſame vacant look, and ſame ſtupid grimace.
To ſee them ſo ſerious affords me great ſport;
I'm ſure they ne'er learnt it at *George*'s gay court.
To laugh when one's pleas'd, they may think it is common;
But *laughter*'s a gift to the ſon of a woman,
Diſtinguiſhes moſt from a four-legged brute;
So when I'm diverted I roar myſelf mute;

My ſoul I dare ſhew;—at my mirth they may ſcoff;
They may call me a *vulgar* aſs, gooſe, or a calf;—
But I laugh in the mode!—for their majeſties laugh.

A party next offer'd, of juſt half a ſcore,
To poſt it to *Lewes*, which ſuited me more;
I went then;—but as to my fortune it fell,
The mirth of the day in a ballad to tell;
My friend I'll tranſcribe it, to ſave me the pain
Of rhiming, to pleaſe you, that ſtory again.
But, a poem or book, my own words here to quote,
Should be underſtood without comment or note;
I therefore premiſe, the Italian you'll read,
Pleaſe thus to tranſlate:—*If not true what is ſaid,*
'Tis at leaſt well imagin'd;—If here we agree,
For curing your vapours you'll owe me a fee.—

The CASTLE of LEWES.

A NEW SONG,

To the old Tune, *Derry Down.*

ATTEND, all ye laſſes! attend, all ye ſwains!
While to ſing you a ſong I muſt puzzle my brains,
Hear not with the temper and ſpleen of old Cato;
But cry,—*ſe non è vero è ben trovato.*
Derry Down, &c.

Tho' ſhin'd not the ſun 'twas a *monſtrous* fine day,
When five nymph's of Brighton ſet out on their way,
To view biſhop Durham's and *Lewes* fair town;
Each a 'ſquire at her heels, to hold up her—gown.
Derry Down, &c.

What paſs'd at the biſhop's is brief to be told ;—
A chapel he had, that was not very old ;
It's *out-ſide* was pretty, and that's all we ſaw ;
Who pry into *in-ſides* will e'er find a flaw.

Derry Down, &c.

That thought ſtruck the ladies as ſure as a gun,
For what elſe prevented our having more fun ?
Had the ladies the way but led to the altar,
Who follow'd them not ſhould have ſwung in a halter.

Derry Down, &c.

Yet vot'ries they were both to Hymen and love ;
The firſt we do gueſs as the laſt they did prove :
They dreſs'd up a ſwain, and they hail'd him, gay Cupid !
(I fear now you'll yawn, for my tale's become ſtupid.)

Derry Down, &c.

Thus

Thus decking their Cupid with ev'ry fine flow'r,
They all pray'd his bleſſings upon them to ſhow'r;
Each wiſh'd for his bow, each hoped for an arrow;
But Cupid's ungrateful to ſouls that are narrow.
Derry Down, &c.

" Here, Val! he then cry'd to a ſwain that was
" near,
" While my arms you receive no maiden ſhall
" fear;
" Your heart, it is harden'd as ſhell of a tortoiſe,
" Inſtead of a virgin, go, ſhoot at a porpoiſe."
Derry Down, &c.

Leſt tedious you think me, and give me a frown,
I'll ſpeed to the caſtle at Lewes fair town;
Where, up climb'd our gueſts,—and they clamber'd as well
As rats to a cup-board, allur'd by its ſmell.
Derry Down, &c.

For lo! on the top of this caſtle or mount,
A table was deck'd, as our authors recount;
Now the ſcent of the board did make our folks hearty;
For, to eat, laugh and ſing, was th' intent of the party.

Derry Down, &c.

Perhaps you'll expect I ſhould ſing you the names,
Of our merry young 'ſquires, as eke of their dames;
But thoſe we ſuppreſs,—for they roar'd round the table,
"What's done in a frolick ſhould paſs as a fable."

Derry Down, &c.

Perhaps too, the ladies expect, in their praiſe,
A few pretty things that might gain me ſome bays;

But

But pardon me here, tho' my bones you ſhould break,
What I think of the fair I never will ſpeak.
Derry Down, &c.

Of this my reſerve they will never complain,
While actions and looks tell my love or diſdain;
And enraptur'd I was, that day, with the fair,
My dance on the caſtle did fully declare.
Derry Down, &c.

For now, the feaſt ending, the ladies all roſe,
And to dance on the green did challenge their beaux;
Then, dancing in circle, they worſhip'd a tree,
Becauſe trees at Brighton ſo ſeldom you ſee.
Derry Down, &c.

With warm-hearted wiſhes we'll end now our ſong:
May the limbs of our dancers, in vigour laſt long;

May the circle, they form'd, long friendſhip portend;
That's ſure long enough, for a *ring* has no *end*.
Derry down, down, hey, derry down.

LET-

LETTER VII.

Friday.

OF all the true things, my dear friend, I did write on
In rhiming epiſtles from this town of *Brighton*,
I * *firſt* wrote on ſubject of eating and drink,
Becauſe 'twas a topic that coſt me no thinking;
No thinking to *write of*, but much *to enjoy*,
For eating and drinking is, here, my employ.—
My breakfaſt, made after young widow's receipt,
Is nicer than ever weak dipper did eat:—
Friend, many good counſels, with full flowing bowl,
You've given to *me*, for the good of *my ſoul*;
I now give to *you*, for the good of *your body*,
A draught, worth at leaſt your ſmall punch, or your toddy;—

* Vide Letter I.

Pray

Pray take a neat's foot, ſir, or elſe a fat calf's,
And cut it in bits, when you've ſplit it in halves;
In four quarts of milk you'll then boil it with glee,
'Till thoſe quarts of milk are boil'd down into *three.*
With cinnamon ſeaſon'd and ſweeten'd with ſugar,
More taſte it will bring,—tho' to pocket leſs lucre.
Whilſt you boil it, remember you ſkim off the fat;
Each ſcullion can give you his reaſons for that:
It cloys the beſt ſtomach, with fat to be ſed;
Fat cumbers the members, and weakens the head,
And makes one do nothing,—but ſleep,—in his bed.
And thence, the ſly Frenchmen this conſequence draw:
Bons cocs,—(and keen dippers,)—*ne ſont jamais gras.*

With

With my *ſoupe à la veuve*, (clean'd well with a
ſkim,)
I'm friſky, awake,—and awake when I dream.
Each morn, after dipping, I make it then ſmart;
With bread in proportion, I eat up a quart;
Now, friend, as you wiſh to look big in your
clo'es,
Each morn, to your breakfaſt, pray take the ſame
doſe.—

On ending my meal, with ſome horſemen I
troop,
And take a long ride, to digeſt *widow*'s *ſoupe*.
Our ride it is commonly 'long the ſea ſhore,
To view the ſhips dance on the billows that roar;
Or elſe to a ſtation, once own'd by the devil,
Yclep'd *Devil*'s *Dyke*,—tho' the ſprite's now ſo
civil,
The field he has quitted to us imps of Brighton,
To ride, or to revel, to dance, ſing, or fight on.

From

From off this green mountain, the view is ſo grand,
Were Satan to take, on the top, a ſhort ſtand,
And offer the landſkip to all who would kneel,
And bow to his worſhip's great-toe, or his heel,
He'ld cozen more people, than ever did crowd
In high church of Brighton, with praiſes ſo loud.—
So pleaſant the ride on a turf that's ſo green!
Refreſhing the breeze! and the air is ſo keen!
I fairly acknowledge, I'm ready to ſtarve
Before the hour comes at my dinner to carve;
To fill my void ſtomach, I never can wait
Till dinner-bell tingles,—my hunger's ſo great;
So, lighting from horſe, as the clock has ſtruck one,
To bait at the ſhip, ſir, I inſtantly run.—
A proof of the juſtice of this antient ſaying,
" The looks of the phyz are not, always, betraying,"

At the *Old Ship*, in Ship-ſtreet, is now to be ſeen
In the face of the lady who keeps the ſaid inn;—
Mrs. Hicks is a lump and a heap of good nature,
Tho' not to be notic'd in any one feature.
From the looks of her daughters, alas! I muſt own,
Are inward ſenſations, ſir, as little known;
Tho' pretty, and civil in *outward* behaviour,
They ne'er granted, *inward*, one complaiſant favour;
They've fed me with coffee, with bread and with butter,
With choc'late and jellies,—and more I could utter;
Yet all from their hands only forced me to mutter:—
" Your ſmiles, my ſweet fair! are but ſemblance
" and art;
" And ſo are your *gifts*,—if you give not your
" heart."

At

At *Shergold*'s I dine with a club, or a meeting
Of *damn'd honeſt fellows*, who deal in *ſhort eating*;
That name they but give to ſome delicate diſhes;
In fact, they eat *long*, and they drink like dry fiſhes.

But not for their eating or drinking, I ſwear,
When e'er I make one, I am glad to be there;
Their good-ſenſe and breeding brings me to their table
To ſhare in their dinner as oft as I'm able;
Their affable tempers have gain'd my eſteem;
Their gay converſation has baniſh'd my ſpleen;—
For, tho' for the vapours I came to be dipt,
(For loſs of *Maria*, you know, I was hipt,)
To *their* converſation, I think it is ſure,
And not to the bathing, I owe my late cure.—
'Tis not for the eating I viſit their table;
I viſit through friendſhip,—a friendſhip that's ſtable;—

But

But my thoughts, ſir, diſcover'd both fuller and
better
On bottle companions, pray read in next letter;
With that I take leave, for I think you've enough
Of Brighton and all my nonſenſical ſtuff.

POSTSCRIPT.

AS from dinner till night is a long time to faſt,
I treat myſelf oft with an interim-repaſt:
For cards in the rooms when the weather's too hot,
Some evenings, on horſeback, to *Shoreham* I trot;
Regale myſelf there, ſir, as any dry drunkard,
With the ſcent of the ſhore, and a *ſpicy cool-tankard*;
At *Rottendean* ſometimes with loving intent,
Drink tea with the ladies fair under the tent;
But oft'ner I trip it with ſome laughing maid,
To *Preſton*'s green grove;—there partake, in cool
ſhade,
Of the cooleſt refreſhment I ever ſhall ſee,—
A ſweet frothy ſyllabub under the tree!—

THE

The SYLLABUB under the Tree.

A NEW SONG*.

I.

FLOW joy to the ſouls of my friends, in full tide;
Sit each merry ſwain with a nymph at his ſide,
With ſmiles on their cheeks to betoken their glee,
While I ſing of my ſyllabub, under the tree!
O ſweet ſyllabub under the tree!
Coffee;—tea,
Green, or bohea,
Compar'd with thee,
Taſte nauſeouſly,
As *ſaline draughts* from the boiſterous ſea.

II.

The wit of the beau, and the flights of the belle;
The gay converſations, in which they excel;

* In compliment to Mr. Dibdin, the chorus has been added to this ſong, that it might be ſung to his tune of the MULBERRY-TREE.

The

The *ſmart things* they ſay, and their *ſolidity*,
Compare with my ſyllabub under the tree.
O ſweet ſyllabub, under the tree! &c.

III.

The joys of a court, and the bliſs of a king,
The ſtar on his breaſt, with its ribbon, or ſtring,
Though ſolid they ſeem,—alas! if you ſee,
They're too like my ſyllabub under the tree.
O ſweet ſyllabub! &c.

IV.

Moſt ſpeeches we hear, ſo ſonorous and ſtrong,
In the ſenate declaim'd by the patriot throng,
(What lurks at the *bottom?*—the *froth* we but ſee,)
Are too like my ſyllabub under the tree.
O ſweet ſyllabub! &c.

V.

The prieſt when he talks of his piety moſt;
When ſoldier and ſailor their feats often boaſt;

Merchant and lawyer, vaunting loud honeſty,
Compare with my ſyllabub under the tree.
O ſweet ſyllabub! &c.

VI.

Hard words of the ſcholar, in Latin or Greek,
Seeking thoughts of the *learn'd*, when his *own* he ſhould ſpeak,
(His thoughts ſhould ſeek words, criticks all muſt agree,)
Compare with my ſyllabub under the tree.
O ſweet ſyllabub! &c.

VII.

When fops count us vainly the fair they have won,
How many they've kiſs'd ſince the laſt ſetting ſun;
Snorting praiſes, the prude, of her own chaſtity,
Compare with my ſyllabub under the tree.
O ſweet ſyllabub! &c.

VIII.

When John kiſſes Margery in guiſe of true love,
And vows, as he kiſſes, he'll conſtant e'er prove;

His

His vows and his kiſſes from froth are not free,—
They form but a ſyllabub, under the tree.
O ſweet ſyllabub, under the tree!
Coffee; tea,
Green, or bohea,
Compar'd to thee,
Taſte nauſeouſly
As *ſaline draughts* from the boiſterous ſea.

ANSWER

TO AN

Invitation from a Friend to dine with him on a Haunch of Veniſon.

SO, ſir, to your letter, indited in rhime,
You beg a *proſe* anſwer—to ſave me ſome time.
This humble requeſt, penn'd ſo cunning by you, ſir,
Shews much of the bully, if not of the bruiſer;
You'd fain ſwear, I trow, by St. Paul or St. Peter,
You'd challeng'd me out to a combat in metre;
And if now your challenge I did not accept,
You'd brand me a coward that deſerv'd no reſpect;
But, know ſir, I'll parry your quart and your tierce;
So, burn your defiance;—I write you in verſe.—

My

My friend, with your compliments ever ſo ready,
You aſk me to paſs a few hours with your lady;
And to make the inducement abundantly great,
You invite me, beſides, to a veniſon treat.
Such proffers, I own, ſome lean authors might bribe;
But, ſir, I have *honour*, altho' a poor ſcribe;
My word is ſo ſacred, it never was broke,
No, not to a woman, nor even in joke;
Forgive then, and think me deſerving of life,
Tho' ſlighting I ſeem both your feaſt and your wife;
For, ſend me to hell as a damnable ſinner,
If I be not engag'd to another friend's dinner.

To friendſhip no proſtitute ever I was;
Kind-hearted I am,—yet for *conſtant* I paſs.
I run not to dine with the laſt man I meet,
To gorge on his turtle, or veniſon treat;

Forſaking the diſh of my good-natur'd friend,
With whom I firſt promis'd his mutton to end;
I court not the board of each *damn'd honeſt fellow*,
Becauſe he can drink, and can roar us all mellow.
Whene'er I'm invited, I make a low bow;
I anſwer with *no*;—or elſe *yes*,—then I vow;
I ſay not, I'll come "if I poſſibly can,"
And anſwer the ſame to the very next man;
Not lying I wander from each neighbour's door,
Whilſt wavering I keep, ſir, *ten* dinners in ſtore.
I truſt to one anchor, and eke to one cable,
And ſend no excuſes to any man's table.
If gueſts you ſeek after who follow thoſe pranks,
They're not worth a *meſſage*;—invite them in *franks*;
Or, as Teague would direct you, which ſtill is far better,
Arrah! let them come to *yourſelf* for your letter.

To ſome few the journey would ſtrengthen their
feet ;
They'd have but to walk from the end of your
ſtreet.

The letter you wrote with poetical ſpirit,
Poſſeſs'd in its metre a great deal of merit.
The ſimile too, of Don Quixote and Sancho,
Was worthy the fancy that rais'd ghoſt of Banquo;
For I, with jaws meagre, reſemble the *Don*,
And *Sancho*'s round paunch is well ſeen in Thomp-
ſon.
Reſpects to your lady ; aſſure her from me,
How ſorry I am not to be at her tea ;
And dangle me up, ſir, on any new rope,
If your ſlave I am not, as poor monk to the pope.

J—— H——.

THE

REPLY

To the above.

HOW could you, ſir, miſtake my meaning,
When I begg'd you'd write in proſe?
Or, yet, on poet's fancy leaning,
Dream I thought of thruſts or blows?

Don Quixote, thus, ſome fat ſheep ſpying,
Thought them foes to take his life;
The knight, the numerous band defying,
Drew his ſword inſtead of knife.

I fear'd, Sir Courage! if in rhime
You anſwer'd me, as I'm a ſinner,
We ſhould have waited ſuch a time,
That we muſt all have loſt our dinner.

The

The event proved my conjecture,
And your ſlowneſs;—for the ſun
Ere, ſir, you finiſh'd had your ſcripture,
Twice his daily courſe had run.

At home you wrote; you wrote abroad;
You puzzled late, you puzzled early;
And in the poſt-chaiſe on the road,
You ſtudied hard, you own'd it fairly.

And then came out your ſcrap of metre,
When you thought your friends to rally;
But know, your verſe, in ſpite of Peter,
Limps like lame-duck in the Alley.

'Tis true, I aſk'd you here to dine,
And did preſent you with *our* duties;
Good meat you ſhould have had, and wine,
And been regal'd with ſight of beauties.

Yet,

Yet, be not, ſir, ſo idly vain
To think I aſk'd you for my lady;
I humbly hope that Mrs. ——,
Hath got a *better man* already.

But if ſhe had an inclination
To be diverted with a beau;
She, ſurely would have no flirtation
With ſuch a meagre, lank ſcare-crow.

You was, or in your ſhape old Nick,
At *Foote*'s laſt night; and, to be plain,
You look'd ſo like a wither'd ſtick,
I hardly knew you from your cane.

Then be not *Ceciſbei*, or poet;
Lay romantic ſchemes aſide;
Your merit's great; your foes allow it;
You're kind, good-natured, free from pride.

But,

But, pity 'tis, you court the muſes,
And try to climb their *Helicons*;
It's this your perſon that abuſes,
And waſtes the fleſh from off your bones.

Let me endeavour to reſtore it
With ſoup, good mutton, beef, or fiſh,
And wine,—(in bumpers you ſhall pour it,—)
And every dainty you could wiſh.—

EPILOGUE.

KIND Reader, if I gave you pleaſure
With my hobbling kind of verſe,
Adviſe your friends to ſpend ſome treaſure;—
Pelf is plenty,—mirth is ſcarce.

Tho' lean I be, *I* want no feeding;
To gain *my Printer* better cheer,
I gave theſe rhimes;—in love exceeding,
O! praiſe,—and ſpeed him thro' the year.

18200

FINIS.

The New Brighthelmstone Directory — London 1770 —

— To the Earl of Tyrconnel and the other gentlemen last season of their society at the Castle at Brighthelmstone previous to the author's admission there —

× × Your permitting me to retire to my own apartment in the evenings of those cheerful day passed together enabled me to rise betimes & employ my pen

and new things to write you are not hard to light on

As you neer came to Hip in the water at Brighton

So call'd they this town of Brighthelmstone of old

× × × ×

The Stone aforesaid is our great public walk

Where the ladies assemble to giggle & talk

× ×

To the sound of this music I march'd to a shop

I saw stuff'd with volumes from bottom to top

where books of all languages & of all sizes
were set up in lots & deliver'd as prizes
To him who could best shake his elbow at dice
Nothing who best redde or expounded them nice
Then the ladies who eer my philosophy baffle
Demanded my crown & obliged me to raffle

× × × × —

By way of appendage to this shop of books
With lounges eer fill'd as some trees with rooks
Is a shop stock'd with china & little gay toys
× ×
another annex'd there is furnish'd no less
With caps ribbons aprons & all female dress
The goods in these shops of each fashion & price
are set up to sale by the rattlings of dice
× ×
We've read of three Graces attending on Venus
But here have we four who t'attend them convene as
I saw them this morn as I walk'd on the Stene
To the Billiard room trip it I follow'd them in
× ×
Hence forward I'll vouch it no man of us all
Like woman can play with a mace & a ball—